

SILICON VALLEY

"DATA MINE"

Written by

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Based on the series by Mike Judge

FADE IN:

INT. SOUND STAGE

Soothing piano music plays under a montage of a human brain, Rosie from *The Jetsons*, an airdrop of food to wartorn Africa, the Hal 9000, Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Total Recall*, and a first person video of a drone strike. Hooli CEO GAVIN BELLSON stands against a white background.

GAVIN

For twenty-five years, Hooli has asked you how we can make the world a better place. Well, no more.

The piano music continues over footage from *The War of the Worlds* before cutting back to Gavin.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

As a preview of our new system, Nucleus, Hooli is rolling out our new drone program. Now, instead of going online and buying things, Hooli can anticipate your needs, and send products directly to your door.

A quad-copter drone delivers baby formula to a suburban home. The drone uses a mechanical arm to ring the doorbell. A woman with a baby on her shoulder answers, takes the formula, and smiles to the camera.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

And the best part about it is that you don't have to do a thing. You've already signed up for Hooli Drone just by having a Hooli account. So, you can expect answers to problems you didn't even know you had, starting next week.

Another montage, this time of working professionals with drones in the background. The montage ends with "Hooli-making the world a better place" followed by a brief flash of the Hall 9000's red, glowing eye.

INT. HACKER HOSTEL- AFTERNOON

DINESH and GILFOYLE sit at their desks.

DINESH

It's definitely my turn.

GILFOYLE

You can gargle my balls, it's my turn.

DINESH

You did it last time. Remember? We got that fucking Renaissance Fair thing. You got that mutton on a stick.

GILFOYLE

Medieval Meat. It's great. And no, we got that on Monday. We had that salad place yesterday, I remember because I had to raid the fridge after because I didn't get any nourishment.

DINESH

I'm sorry I'm trying to stay healthy.

GILFOYLE

Have you ever looked in the mirror? It's not working.

RICHARD walks in.

RICHARD

Guys, what the fuck? Why aren't you working on the new mobile platform.

DINESH

Relax Richard, we're on a lunch break.

RICHARD

Then why aren't you eating anything?

GILFOYLE

Because Dinesh won't admit it's my turn to pick where we eat.

DINESH

That's because it's my turn.

RICHARD

I don't have time for this. You're both going to Dinesh's place. Get out of here.

DINESH

Oh, we're not going anywhere.

RICHARD

What?

GILFOYLE

Yeah, we're just arguing over who's going to put the order in on their phone.

RICHARD

You have got to be kidding me. Guys, CES is in a couple of months and we have to have a working platform as soon as possible.

ERLICH (FROM THE KITCHEN)

Gilfoyle, if you're going to the meat place, get me a quart of mead.

DINESH

It's my turn, Erlich!

ERLICH

If you say so, there needs to be a better way to determine this. Why don't you guys keep a log of some kind?

DINESH (READING FROM HIS COMPUTER)

Guys, check this out. The government is cracking down on data mining.

The group, including ERLICH, crowds around Dinesh's monitor.

ERLICH

Holy shit. The government is going to start doing manual searches of servers to see if people are illegally storing metadata.

RICHARD

So? Who cares if people are holding onto metadata?

ERLICH

Richard, metadata is power. If you know what your users preferences are, it's a million time easier to sell to them, you don't even need focus groups. And you can sell the data to other companies. When I founded Aviato, I had impeccable metadata and was able to sell it for a tidy sum.

DINESH

Isn't that the only reason Delta bought your company in the first place?

ERLICH

There were many reasons, but yes, that was one... The main one, admittedly, but I'm sure there were others.

GILFOYLE

This is ridiculous. The government can't just come in and tell me what I can and can't keep on my servers.

ERLICH

Agreed. This is getting in the way of small business.

RICHARD

Well, I'm sure that we don't have much to worry about anyway. There's thousands of servers in America, what are the odds that Pied Piper gets searched anytime soon?

JARED enters.

JARED

Actually, Richard, with our lawsuit with Hooli still pending, we're technically suspected intellectual property thieves. I wouldn't be too surprised if we were some of the first people on the government's list.

RICHARD

Why? That lawsuit is bullshit. Doesn't the government have bigger fish to fry.

JARED

Not really. The goal here will be catching a few companies violating the law immediately to justify passing the law in the first place.

RICHARD

Shit, then should we get ready for this?

JARED

Well, we don't really have many users, so that may put us a little further down the list. Plus, we have nothing to hide, so I wouldn't be too worried.

Richard's phone buzzes. He checks it.

RICHARD

Fuck!

DINESH

What's going on, Richard?

RICHARD

I just got an e-mail from the NSA. They're sending an inspector here sometime this week because we're a high potential target.

INT. HOOLI BOARD ROOM- AFTERNOON

Gavin Bellson stands in front of a long table addressing the BOARD OF DIRECTORS (all white men in their mid 50s except for one woman in her early 30s). He holds a remote and clicks through a PowerPoint presentation.

GAVIN

...and so the early stages of Hooli Drone look to be a huge success. Over 90 percent of users are reporting a positive experience and that our algorithm was able to anticipate their needs.

MALE DIRECTOR

And what about the other ten percent?

GAVIN

We are getting some reports of strange items getting delivered to people's houses. Ashton Kutcher got twelve copies of the first season of *Punk'd* on DVD, but any project this big is going to have some minor bugs.

FEMALE DIRECTOR

What about this new data mining law? That doesn't sound too minor.

GAVIN

That has nothing to do with us. You shouldn't worry about it.

MALE DIRECTOR

Well, we are worried, Gavin.

GAVIN

As you should be, and make no mistake that I am taking every precaution to ensure that Hooli is using their petabytes of metadata as ethically and above board as possible. You have my word that if improper conduct was going on at Hooli, I would take personal responsibility... and fire whatever department head oversaw our servers.

MALE DIRECTOR

And who is in charge of our servers?

GAVIN

We've just done some shifting around of some of our assets through our subsidiaries. I'm having my assistant look into it right now.

There is a knock at the door.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

That must be him now. Excuse me one moment, would you?

Gavin exits the boardroom into the hallway where his ASSISTANT (late 20s) is waiting.

INT. HALLWAY- AFTERNOON

GAVIN

So, did you figure out who's meeting with the inspector?

GAVIN'S ASSISTANT

Yes, I searched through our corporate records, and you transferred managerial capacity of our servers to Hooli XYZ, so Dr. Bannercheck could oversee them.

GAVIN  
Right, but Bannercheck quit.

We see BIG HEAD playing 3-D Tetris on a massive TV with an Oculus Rift virtual reality helmet on his head. He is doing very poorly. He attempts to rotate a line block by grabbing the air and gesticulating. It doesn't move, so his arms grow more and more wild until he is on his knees appearing to fellate the virtual game piece.

GAVIN'S ASSISTANT (V.O.)  
Exactly, so now Nelson Bighetti is in charge of the servers.

GAVIN  
Fuck!

INT. RAVIGA, LAURIE'S OFFICE- AFTERNOON

LAURIE sits at her desk going over paperwork. MONICA walks in.

MONICA  
You wanted to see me?

LAURIE  
Yes. Are you familiar with the term Veblen Good?

MONICA  
No, what is that?

LAURIE  
A Veblen Good is a product that is made purposely scarce and intentionally expensive in order to attract rich buyers who wish to flaunt their exorbitant wealth. This product is often ridiculously overpriced, but a certain segment of the population will purchase it merely as a status symbol.

Monica sits down across from Laurie.

MONICA  
Oh, like a WEECOO?

LAURIE  
What is a WEE COO?

MONICA

WEECOOs are those two wheel scooters. It's like a Segway without the handlebar.

LAURIE

I tried a Segway once. Much too frivolous, but it seems like you have the idea.

MONICA

So what does this have to do with us?

LAURIE

Raviga has just bought majority stock in Carnival cruises.

MONICA

Carnival? That's huge.

LAURIE

Yes, but the affordable cruise-line method is most unprofitable, so we are re-branding.

MONICA

Okay, so what is Carnival now?

LAURIE

Carnival will be an extreme sports based cruise-line, catering to the young and rich. We have plans for motocross tracks, base-jumping, and demolition derbies.

MONICA

On a boat? So, Carnival is becoming a douche-cruise?

LAURIE

Precisely. We already have Homicide energy drink as a business partner.

MONICA

Well that sounds awful, what does this have to do with me?

LAURIE

You are on the board of Pied Piper, are you not?

MONICA

Yeah, you need me to ask Richard for something.

LAURIE

Actually, no. Russ Hanneman.

MONICA

Russ Hanneman? Why?

LAURIE

Do you remember Russ Hanneman's glided phallus app?

MONICA

Gold Cock. It cost five thousand dollars, and all it had was a picture of a golden penis. It lasted four months before the app stores took it down.

LAURIE

Yes, but in that time, it sold one thousand units. We need to know who these people are. I believe that they would be perfect buyers for the new Carnival.

MONICA

Okay, so let's get him on the phone.

LAURIE

No. I will not speak to that man, I have made that clear. I also think that you would make more of an impact on him in person, and we may be able to get a more favorable position in negotiations.

MONICA

So you want me to honeypot Russ Hanneman?

LAURIE

In so many words, yes. Use your feminine wiles if necessary. Just don't let him know what we need his data for. I have set up a dinner with him for tomorrow night.

MONICA

Tomorrow? I may need a couple of weeks to get ready for dinner with Russ Hanneman.

LAURIE

Well, the reservation is for tonight. And if we can't fill the Carnival-Homicide cruise, Raviga will have to make cutbacks.

MONICA

Okay, I'm going.

Monica gets up and exits.

INT. HACKER HOSTEL- AFTERNOON

Dinesh and Gilfoyle sit at their desks, eyeing each other. Richard sits at his, freaking out Jared standing next to him trying to reassure him.

RICHARD

Why don't we just delete all of our metadata?

JARED

That would look pretty suspicious. The law says that we can only save metadata for thirty days, but if we don't have any at all, it will look like we erased it because we had been holding onto it for so long. They'll almost certainly come back for another inspection.

GILFOYLE

I'll give you something to inspect.

Gilfoyle begins to flip Jared off, but his stomach starts growling and he doubles over.

JARED

What's the matter, Gilfoyle?

RICHARD

He and Dinesh haven't eaten since yesterday.

GILFOYLE

I'm not ordering any food until Dinesh admits it's my turn.

DINESH

Yeah right. It's my turn. And that salad is going to taste so good you asshole...

Dinesh's stomach growls and he too doubles over.

RICHARD

What if he finds something? I think we're doing everything ethically, but what if there's something we don't even know about.

Erlich enters.

ERLICH

Don't be such a pussy, Richard. They aren't going to find anything. And if they do, we can just bribe him.

RICHARD

Are you fucking insane? There's no way we can bribe a government official.

ERLICH

Why not? They do it in other countries all the time. Isn't that right Jin Yang?

JIN YANG enters.

JIN YANG

Yeah. My father kill two men with his car. Cost 10,000 yuan.

JARED

Christ, what was that?

Doorbell rings.

RICHARD

Shit, that's gotta be the inspector.

ERLICH

Unknot your panties, I'll get it.

Erlich answers the door. A drone floats on the stoop.

ERLICH (CONT'D)  
It's one of those fucking Hooli  
drones. Go home Johnny 5, no one  
has a Hooli phone here.

JIN YANG  
I do.

ERLICH  
Jin Yang, what did you order?

JIN YANG  
I didn't order nothing.

The drone flies into the house and drops a box labelled "Cow  
Vaginas" at Erlich's feet.

ERLICH  
You ordered cow vaginas?

JIN YANG  
No! I no order these!

DRONE  
Your account has been credited.

The drone starts to fly away. Jin Yang picks up the box and  
exits, chasing after it.

JIN YANG  
Take these back! I no order these!

BURT LANDERS (early 40s) walks through the open door.

ERLICH  
Umm, who the hell are you? You  
can't just walk into my house like  
that.

BURT  
Son, I can do whatever I want. I'm  
the government.

Burt produces a badge with his credentials.

JARED  
NSA Technology Officer. Fancy. I  
always thought that I could be a  
technology officer for the  
government.

BURT  
And who are you?

JARED  
I'm Jared Dunn, Pied Piper's  
business manager.

BURT (LOOKING AROUND)  
And you manage their business from  
here?

JARED  
Actually, I live in the guest house  
next door.

BURT  
Stay away from government work,  
son.

Burt walks to the center of the room to address everyone.

BURT (CONT'D)  
Listen up. I don't want to be here  
very long. I just want to check out  
your servers, make sure  
everything's above board. Where can  
I find the terminal.

JARED  
It's in the garage.

GILFOYLE  
You're not going in there alone.  
None of Uncle Sam's stooges are  
checking out my hardware without me  
present.

BURT  
That's just fine. I respect your  
commitment to something you built.  
Because it sounds like you actually  
built something.

Burt glares at Jared. Burt and Gilfoyle exit to the garage.  
Dinesh's stomach growls again.

DINESH  
Aah, fuck Gilfoyle. It's my turn.

RICHARD  
Why don't you just eat?

DINESH  
And let him have the satisfaction?  
No fucking way!

ERLICH  
Then why don't you just check?

DINESH  
Check what?

ERLICH  
Shouldn't the your credit card  
statements tell you whose day it  
is?

DINESH  
No, we've been using the corporate  
account.

RICHARD  
What? That's supposed to be for  
company-related business.

DINESH  
It is. We work for the company, and  
we had business lunches.

ERLICH  
Either way, then why not check  
whatever app you ordered food on?  
It's got to have a record.

DINESH  
Good idea.

Dinesh takes out his phone.

DINESH (CONT'D)  
Shit. They stopped showing you the  
record of the last time you  
ordered. They just save your orders  
without dates attached.

ERLICH  
Shit. Well, if they do that, then  
they are still storing the  
information. Why don't you hack  
into it, find out.

DINESH  
Isn't that a little ethically  
questionable?

ERLICH  
It's your data. I would say if  
anyone has a right to it, it's you.

DINESH

You make a good point.

Dinesh logs onto his computer and begins hacking. Gilfoyle re-enters the room.

GILFOYLE

I knew we should never have trusted the government.

JARED

What's wrong Gilfoyle?

GILFOYLE

While he was checking out the server, I googled this guy. His name's Burt Landers. He's been an inspector for eight months, and before that, guess where he worked?

JARED

Where?

GILFOYLE

Hooli. He was let go very suddenly, but reportedly given a very good severance package.

RICHARD

Wait, why would he become a government inspector if he just got all of that money?

ERLICH

Don't you see Richard? He's still working for Hooli. I bet they knew about the law well in advance and got some of their own into the ranks of the inspectors. He could be trying to sabotage us.

RICHARD

What are we going to do?

Burt enters.

BURT

About what Mr. Hendricks?

GILFOYLE

Umm, about Dinesh's irritable bowels. He ate at this Medieval Meat place and now he's got diarrhea.

Dinesh glares at Gilfoyle.

DINESH

Yeah, I'm spray shitting everywhere. It's a total mess.

BURT

Well, that aside, I'll have to come back tomorrow. The home-brew nature of your server is going to require different wires, ones I don't have right now. Good day Mr. Hendricks. Mr. Bachman. Jared.

Burt glares at Jared and exits.

INT. FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT- EVENING

Monica pulls up to the restaurant in a Volkswagen Jetta. A VALET takes her car. She walks through the restaurant's double doors to the MAITRE D's podium.

MONICA

Hi. I have a reservation at 7:30 with Russ Hanneman.

MAITRE D

Yes, we've been expecting you. Mr. Hanneman told us to look out for a "fuckable brunette. Nothing special, but definitely above average."

MONICA

Yeah, so is he here.

MAITRE D

Yes. He asked me to give you this.

The Maitre D gives Monica a bottle of expensive champagne.

MAITRE D (CONT'D)

He requests that you bring this to the table.

MONICA

Okay. Thanks.

Monica walks back to the dining room. She spies RUSS HANNEMAN talking to a waiter.

RUSS

You call this a shrimp cocktail?  
This is fucking garbage. Come back  
when you have something that  
doesn't taste like a fish shat  
cream into my mouth.

Russ sees Monica.

RUSS (CONT'D)

Oh, hey Monica. How's it going? Oh,  
you brought me some champagne, how  
nice. Pour us both some, and we can  
get down to business.

Monica looks at the bottle. It's a twist-off. She then  
notices the label. "Three Comma Champagne," Russ' own brand.  
She sighs and pours each of them a glass.

RUSS (CONT'D)

That's better. So, what exactly are  
we here about?

MONICA

Well, as a representative of  
Raviga, I wanted to come to you  
with an offer.

RUSS

And I accept. After dinner, you can  
suck my cock in my McLaren.

MONICA

What, no. That's disgusting! I'm  
here to talk about...

RUSS

No, no, I was just kidding. Unless  
you change your mind. So, tell me  
what we're here for, again.

MONICA

Right, as I was saying. Raviga  
wants...

Russ recognizes a man he knows across the bar.

RUSS

Jerry! You son of a bitch, get over  
here!

JERRY (early 50s)

RUSS (CONT'D)

This is Jerry. Jerry and I worked on an app together. It let you know if you were the richest person in the room. What was that one called?

JERRY

Guess Who's Poor? Shame that one never took off.

RUSS

That's right. Jerry, this is some woman who works for Raviga.

JERRY

Nice to meet you.

Monica shakes Jerry's hand.

RUSS

Okay, Jerry. That's enough. Don't drool all over her. Get the fuck out of here.

Jerry looks at Russ.

RUSS (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. Seriously though, get the fuck out of here.

Jerry leaves.

RUSS (CONT'D)

Great guy, but he's always trying to fuck. What were we talking about again?

MONICA

Raviga wants to buy you out of one of your investments.

RUSS

Fuck, why didn't you lead with that. Which one?

MONICA

We're looking at Gold...

Russ is looking around.

RUSS

Damn. You see the tits on that waitress.

(MORE)

RUSS (CONT'D)

Man, I would love to show her what a cock that's worth a billion dollars feels like.

Monica gets up.

MONICA

Just like a regular cock, but it can't get hard unless it's looking at itself in the mirror.

RUSS

Hold on Monica, where are you going?

MONICA

Home. This is bullshit, Russ. I'm trying to talk business with you, and all you can think about is which valley girl you're going to disappoint next. I'm out of here.

RUSS

Monica, hold on. I know exactly what you want.

MONICA

You do.

RUSS

You're looking at Gold Cock. I'm not an idiot.

MONICA

Okay, so this was what? You being an asshole.

RUSS

I wanted to see if you're someone I could do business with. You're tough, I like that. Come to my house tomorrow night and we can discuss the details.

MONICA

That sounds good. I'm glad you finally decided to act like an adult.

RUSS

Yeah, yeah. Now I'm going to go over there and steal Jerry's steak and take home the waitress.

INT. HOOLI XYZ- AFTERNOON

Gavin is talking to BIG HEAD and his TEAM.

GAVIN

Okay, the inspector is coming today, so I need you to not fuck this up!

BIG HEAD

How do you know he's coming today? I heard that the NSA only tells you what week they're coming?

GAVIN

Well, the nice thing about letting the United States government install back doors in your systems is that they give you a heads up when they're coming.

BIG HEAD

Umm... Okay. So why can't you do this again?

GAVIN

Because Mr. Bighetti, you are in charge of Hooli XYZ, and Hooli XYZ is in charge of the servers. It would look very inappropriate if the man in charge of Hooli Drone and the man in charge of XYZ were the same person.

BIG HEAD

I've been meaning to talk to you about Hooli Drone. It keeps sending me hand lotion. I can't say I don't use it, but it's been sending me fifteen bottles a day.

GAVIN

We'll get someone on that. For now though, I need you to handle this. Surely someone who helped found Pied Piper is capable of handling one measly inspector.

Someone knocks on the door.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Well, that must be him now. Good luck.

Gavin exits out of the door, letting MILTON FALLWELL (mid 20s) in. He exhudes the same air of indifference and incompetence that Big Head does.

MILTON  
Hey, guys, how's it going?

BIG HEAD  
Not bad. So you're here to check out the servers or something?

MILTON  
Something like that. Do you know where they are?

BIG HEAD  
Not really. I thought you were supposed to know.

MILTON  
Nope. I guess it's time to go looking for them.

Milton looks through the window.

MILTON (CONT'D)  
Holy shit! Is that a potato cannon?

BIG HEAD  
Yeah. It's broken now, though. You can't mash potatoes in there, it gums up the gears.

MILTON  
That's too bad, but who could have seen that coming?

BIG HEAD  
Right?!

INT. GARAGE- AFTERNOON

Burt inspects the servers as Richard and Gilfoyle look on.

BURT  
Well, I have to admit, I had my doubts about you boys, but everything seems to be on the up and up.

RICHARD

Thank god! I mean, not that we had anything to hide, but it's just nice to see that you didn't find anything. Not that there was anything to find... I'll just stop talking.

GILFOYLE

You do that Richard. Okay  
Bureaucrat, get out.

BURT

Okay, son. One more thing before I go. I just want to make sure the house's network isn't storing anything. Should only be five minutes.

RICHARD

That's fine. You should be able to do it wirelessly from anywhere in the house.

The three move back into the house.

INT. HACKER HOSTEL- AFTERNOON

Dinesh is still working at his computer. Erlich and Jin Yang are off-camera in the kitchen. Burt, Richard, and Gilfoyle enter. Burt takes out his laptop and begins the test.

BURT

Okay, everything looks good... wait a minute. What's he doing?

Burt gestures to Dinesh. Everyone looks at him

DINESH

I'm trying to figure out who's turn it is to order lunch.

GILFOYLE

It's mine, dillweed.

DINESH

No, it's not.

BURT

Are you hacking into the Seamless app?

DINESH (FALTERING)  
Yeah, but just to get my own  
data...

BURT  
Mr. Hendricks, you have passed your  
inspection, but I will be reporting  
you for attempting to breach the  
security of Seamless.

DINESH  
Attempting? I got in in like five  
minutes.

RICHARD  
Not helping, Dinesh! Can you go  
have diarrhea in the other room or  
something?

GILFOYLE  
Nice going Dinesh. Did you at least  
find out whose turn it was.

DINESH (DEFEATED)  
Yeah... It was yours.

GILFOYLE  
Yes!

INT. HOOLI SERVER ROOM- AFTERNOON

Milton and Big Head sit next to each other on the floor as Milton's laptop is plugged into one of the many servers that line the walls. The two are illuminated by the blinking lights that adorn every piece of wall and floor space.

BIG HEAD  
Did I mention that I have a boat?

MILTON  
No way. That is so cool.

BIG HEAD  
I'm sure there's cool stuff about  
working for the government.

MILTON  
Yeah, well I've been reading a lot  
of people's e-mails.

BIG HEAD  
Anything good?

MILTON

Kind of. Your boss Gavin gets a lot of colonics.

BIG HEAD

How many is a lot?

MILTON

Like one a week. That man has the cleanest intestinal tract on the West Coast. I know, I spent a whole day once seeing if anyone talked more about getting water blasted up their ass. No one.

BIG HEAD

Wow. See that is pretty cool. So how are the servers doing?

MILTON

Oh, I was done with that like twenty minutes ago, I just wanted to hang out.

BIG HEAD

No worries, man. All I do all day is hang out. And you're pretty cool.

MILTON

Thanks man. I...

Milton's phone buzzes. He answers it.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Shit, I got another job. I have to get going. But this was fun, we should do this again sometime.

BIG HEAD

Yeah. I'll give you my number.

MILTON

NSA, remember? I've already got it. See you later man.

BIG HEAD

Later.

Milton exits. Gavin enters.

GAVIN

Did you fuck it up?

BIG HEAD  
No, he said we're clean.

GAVIN  
Fuck yes. Maybe you're not totally  
worthless.

Gavin exits.

BIG HEAD  
Maybe I'm not.

INT. HOOLI XYZ- AFTERNOON

Big Head approaches a large terminal. He opens a file labeled  
"Hooli\_Drone\_Algorithm.txt." He studies it for a few seconds.

BIG HEAD  
Oh, here's the problem.

Big Head makes minute changes to the algorithm. He copies the  
changed file. He logs into his Hooli account on the computer.  
He uses his credentials to bypass Hooli's high-clearance  
security measures and pastes the algorithm into the Hooli  
Drone system.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)  
That should do it.

Out the window of Hooli XYZ, dozens of drones immediately fly  
out of the building and scatter to the winds.

BIG HEAD (CONT'D)  
Who says I'm useless?

INT. RUSS HANNEMAN'S HOUSE- AFTERNOON

Monica pulls up to Russ' house in her Volkswagen Jetta. She  
walks up to the door and rings the bell. The door swings open  
and Russ' house computer, THE LADY, speaks to her.

THE LADY  
Welcome, [Monica]

MONICA  
Russ! Where are you?

THE LADY  
Mister [Hanneman] will be with you  
shortly.

Monica walks into the living room and sits down on the couch.  
Russ walks in.

RUSS

How do you like the new upgrade I gave The Lady? My kid kept saying how impersonal it was, so I had my nerds make it learn names. Watch this. Who owns Pied Piper.

THE LADY

[Russ Hanneman.]

MONICA

Richard owns Pied Piper. He's the CEO.

THE LADY

[Richard Hedricks] is an asshole.

RUSS

It's just kidding. I programmed it to say that though. Watch this one. Who fucks?

THE LADY

[Jared Dunn.]

RUSS

I fucking love that thing. Okay, so let's talk business. I know Raviga bought that cruise-line and are marketing it to the super rich and super stupid. So you want my Golden Cock metadata to develop a client list without telling the public to maintain exclusivity. Fun fact about that app, by the way, this rod...

Russ points to his junk.

RUSS (CONT'D)

...was actually the model for the dick in the app.

MONICA

Gross, but you're actually right. We are prepared to offer you...

RUSS

Fuck what you offer me. I want 5%

MONICA

Five percent, for a client list.

RUSS

Call it a finder's fee.

MONICA

That's crazy, there's no way you're getting five percent.

RUSS

Final offer, take it or leave it.

MONICA

I guess I'm going then. We'll find some other source of data.

Monica gets up to leave.

RUSS

No, no, no, wait.

Monica stops.

MONICA

What?

RUSS

Listen, people don't need things from me a lot anymore. I know I haven't really been able to capitalize on much success since I put radio on the internet. It's a big accomplishment, but I don't want to be a one-hit wonder. Besides Pied Piper, I don't have a lot of promising investments. Even The Lady is having some issues.

THE LADY

Fuck [Russ Hanneman].

RUSS

See? I'm just trying to re-billionize. I'll take .5%. I know that's market value for this kind of deal.

MONICA

Okay, good. I'll have the paperwork sent to your office on Monday.

RUSS

Fuck yeah! Now we celebrate. The other half of that Gold Cock story is that I drizzled gold paint all over my dick. I've got some in the back if you want to try it.

Monica has already left the house.

INT. HACKER HOSTEL- AFTERNOON

Richard, Erlich Dinesh, Gilfoyle, and Jared are all pleading with Bert not to report them for hacking Seamless.

RICHARD

We are so sorry. We didn't mean to break the law. Listen, can we please be reasonable here.

ERLICH

You *could* report us.

JARED

Erlich, what are you doing?

ERLICH

He could, but then he'd be leaving behind his friend, Andrew Jackson.

Erlich furnishes a twenty dollar bill.

BURT

Are you serious. Attempting to bribe a government official is a federal offense. And doing it with twenty dollars is an insult. What kind of business are you managing Jared?

JARED

I swear they aren't usually like this. Well, he is, and so are Dinesh and Gilfoyle, but Richard is a paragon of virtue.

BURT

The worst part about it is that you're trying to hack into delivery orders. That is private business. What a man orders to eat on the internet should never be seen by anyone. It's a covenant between him and the restaurant.

(MORE)

BURT (CONT'D)

You people are a disgrace. I cannot wait to file my report.

Burt heads for the door, but when he opens it, a dozen Hooli drones fly in, each carrying a box of cow vaginas.

JIN YANG

No! Get out of here! I no buy vagina!

ERLICH

Jin Yang! You haven't got this under control yet. We can't have animal genitalia being delivered to this house at all hours. It's unseemly. What will the neighbors think?

The drones drop the boxes and fly away.

BURT

Did you say cow vaginas?

ERLICH

Yes, it's disgusting, why?

BURT

Cow vaginas are my favorite food. I've loved them since my study abroad year at Vassar.

JARED

I actually went to Vassar. Go Brewers!

BURT

Quiet Dunn! Listen, if you give me these, I can look the other way about this. I know that if you guys are ordering these, you must understand that the outside world doesn't always get what you like to eat.

RICHARD

Umm, sure. Jin Yang, can he have the vaginas?

JIN YANG

Take them, go!

BURT

Yes!

Burt stacks the boxes of cow vaginas.

GILFOYLE

Leave one of the boxes.

BURT

Okay, sure.

RICHARD

Why do you want to keep a box of cow vaginas?

GILFOYLE

Because it's my turn to pick what we have for lunch, and I think I just decided.

Dinesh grimaces.

RICHARD

Wow, this is great. We thought for sure you were going to report us. You did work for Hooli. We thought you might have been working undercover for them.

BURT

Hooli? No. Fuck Gavin Bellson. I quit because that prick is impossible to work with. I would never do something like that with him. You guys should watch out though. Word around the office was that your case was a slam dunk. Gavin and the judge are both on the board of some really douchey cruise company together.

Fade Out.